THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY.

THE OLD GARRET.

[Concluded from last No.]

THE good curate, faithful to his promise, took me to the hair-dressers in London, according to the direction in the advertisement. Before he opened the paper which contained me, he told him the story of Alice, of her trials and of her excellent character and conduct, of her present need, and of her purpose to support and educate her children by her own efforts. He told him that there never was such a beautiful head of hair and that he hoped he would be willing to give something handsome for it.

One thing that Alice did I forgot to relate. After she had arranged me nicely as possible, ready to be tied up, she took from her drawer a piece of blue ribbon, the only piece she had left, and tied it round me in as pretty a manner as she could, saying as she did so, "This is the way he liked to see my hair tied when

I was at my father's cottage. I shall never tie it so again, so this shall go too." When the old clergyman opened the paper and exhibited me to the hair dresser he took me out as fondly as if he had been fondling a baby, and shook me so as to make the ringlets curl again, but they would not. I felt the difference between the old man's hard fingers and rough shake and the soft touch and the gentle shake of the dear Alice.

"Is it not beautiful?" said the old man.

"It 's well enough," said the dealer, "but I have seen handsomer hair than this; besides some of it has turned grey. I shall have to make a man's wig of it, and I suppose when the pomatum and powder is on it, it will not show the gray hairs. The curls will all boil out."

You may imagine my horror at these words, and as for the poor vicar, he seemed thunderstruck. "If I had any money to spare," said he, "I would buy this beautiful hair myself, and have it framed with a glass over it, and hang it up in my best parlor, that blue ribbon looks so like her it's as handsome as a picture, and then her dear children should have it at my death."

Whether it was that the hair-dresser was afraid of losing me, or that his heart was slightly touched with compassion for Alice and her orphan children, I know not, but he offered the good curate a sum for me which satisfied him, and I was put into his hands and left for him to do as he would with me. As he gave me to him, he untied the blue ribbon and folded it up nicely and put it in his pocket, and I think he dropped a tear as he did so.

The wig maker examined me again when he was by

himself, "A fine head of hair it really is; it will make a good wig for a youngish sort of a man, and the curls will make it work easier." Then he tied me up with a piece of twine, and tossed me into a large drawer with great bunches of hair of all colors and fineness. Here I remained for I know not how long, without air or light in this disagreeable company. At last one day we were all taken out and what we were made to endure I now shudder to think of. We were boiled, we were pulled and mauled and greased, in short I wonder we had a whole hair left, but after undergoing everything you can imagine, I found myself on a pole in the shape of a gentleman's wig covered with high-scented pomatum and powder. No one would have recognized me as the same beautiful hair that had adorned the head of the pretty Alice. There were a number of poles with wigs on them close by me, and I knew as a matter of course that I must look just like them. They looked perfectly hateful to me, and I felt disgusted with myself because I knew I resembled them. It is now a puzzle to me how men could have ever been so foolish as to make such a foolish thing as I am, to put on their heads, these great unmeaning curls, this ugly club as they called it hanging down behind, and this horrid grease and powder too. Most of my life, of course, has been passed in this horrid shape that you now see me in, but the remembrance of my early days clings to me, and the love of freedom and sense of beauty which I acquired when the wind played through my natural curls as they covered the head of my dear Alice have never forsaken me. It was then only I truly lived. But forgive me — I have the weakness of old age, and love to talk of youthful pleasures.

One morning in the year 1750 when I was just twenty-eight years old, a gentleman of middle age came into the hair dresser's shop and asked to look at his wigs. I was shown to him with some others. After examining us all and trying on several, he chose me because he said he thought I was made of the finest hair. "This," said he, "will visit the American colonies and probably remain there, for that will, I think, be my home." I rejoiced to hear this, for I was weary of my present life, and longed for some variety.

The good gentleman who purchased me seemed well satisfied with my looks, but when I saw myself in the glass upon his long, narrow face with his great bottle nose, and cheeks like the sides of a sulky, and all my pretty curls and my bright color gone, I wonder that each hair did not stand on end with fright; most like they would, but for the weight on them of pomatum and powder.

Soon after my owner purchased me he set sail for America. As I was his new and best wig, I was packed carefully in a box and knew nothing till he arrived here and was settled in his place of residence.

The first time I was taken out of my box, was on Sunday when I was carefully adjusted on the Squire's head. I call him Squire, for I soon found that Squire was the title every one gave him, as he was the most important personage in the town in which he lived. I was as well pleased as a wig could be, with the appearance of things in and around the house I was to inhabit. It was like an English country gentleman's house; a wide hall passed through the middle of it in which was a grand large staircase. From each door of the large

hall that went through the house, a row of elm trees had been set out, one led to the high road, the other up a gentle hill, on the top of which was a small pretty burying-ground, and a path through it, leading to a small church. The Squire had a black man whom he called his boy, and who at the same time was in fact his slave, but whom he treated like a friend and brother. Many years after when slavery was abolished in Massachusetts, the Squire called Cæsar to him, and said, "Cæsar, you are no longer my slave, you are free."

"But, massa, you will not sell me."

"No, Cæsar, you are a freeman, I have no right to sell you. I don't think I ever had any right to sell you, but now the law of the land makes you free, and I am glad of it."

"Then I can stay with you of my own free will, massa."

"Yes, Cæsar, you can stay or go, just as you please."

"Then, massa, I stay with you for love, and not cause I am your slave. Now I your friend." And Cæsar never left the Squire till the day of his death. But to return to my story.

The Squire, as I said, put me on very carefully, and then as carefully put over me his three cornered hat, and took his gold-headed cane, and with Cæsar behind him walked reverently up the hill to church. I was accustomed to the Episcopal Church, where dear Alice went every Sunday, but this was a Presbyterian Church, and I was never in one before. As I said before, had not my hairs lost their power of motion by what I had endured from the scissors and the vile process of making me into my present shape, every one of them would have

risen up against the so-called music in this church; but my misfortunes and pomatum kept me quiet. The sermon was at least two hours long, and many a hitch did the Squire give me before it was over; that was the beginning of the little trick, which you see I have now, of jerking up a little on one side occasionally.

The Squire had brought a complete set of furniture for his house with him from England, and after some time they reached our abode which was about thirty miles from the sea coast. What all these preparations were for, which were making in the house was soon explained. The Squire one day put me in my nice box, and putting on an old wig which he wore on week days, I soon found that we were in some kind of a vehicle, and ere long we arrived at a public house in Boston. But we did not stay there long. The Squire was going to be married, and as I was his best wig, I of course adorned his head upon that occasion. Who would have believed that I was the same hair that covered the dear Alice's head when she was a bride? Then curling like hyacinths, and glowing like sunshine, now stiff and dull and dead, looking as I thought then, and think now, like nothing human or divine.

It was the second time the Squire had been married, so he was very sedate in his happiness; he brought home his bride in a few days, and there at his excellent delightful country-house, all was soon arranged in the most orderly way possible. The lady had a proper pole arranged for my accommodation, and made the Squire a nice velvet cap to wear in the evenings, when they were alone and he wished to be relieved of my weight.

The relations of the Squire and his lady often visited them, and always in parties, English fashion, and remained some days, and then what feasting and merriment there was. The house was surrounded by beautiful woods, and near by, was a lovely pond, and young and gay hearts were often there to wake the echoes with their cheerful laughing voices. Cæsar played on the violin, and when the evenings were chilly or rainy, they danced till the small hours of the night began. All this I witnessed, for the Squire was a gentleman of the old school, and was always in his best for his company, and gave no sign of weariness till they retired to bed.

And so things went on until the Squire and his lady set out upon a journey to a place about fifty miles from their home to visit a relation of hers. Alas! I hate to relate this part of my experience. They had travelled about twenty miles when the lady complained of terrible headache and pains all over her and said that she could go no further. Her husband, who was driving her in a phaeton, stopped with her at the first village he came to. At that time two or three small houses constituted a village, and these were gathered round the church if they had one. Neither was there often anything like an inn. There was none here, and the Squire begged for hospitality at the first house he came to, which they readily granted.

In the meantime the dear lady grew worse and worse, she was almost delirious with pain in the head, when she was laid on a bed in the small farmer's house to which they were admitted. Her husband soon perceived to his misery that it was the small pox which

had seized her; there was no physician within twenty miles, and the moment the people of the house knew that the poor lady had the small pox they all left the house, and not a soul entered it again. They brought cooked provisions to a certain place in the road and left them and then ran away, and this was all the aid that the poor Squire could obtain. One man promised to go for the nearest physician, but before he could arrive the dear lady had sunk under her disease and was no more.

Such was the cruel fear of the contagion among the people that the poor Squire was left to perform the last offices for his wife alone with his own hands. He laid her under an old oak near a little brook, and planted a sweet briar for the head stone of her last bed.

Poor man, the light of life had gone out to him for awhile. He opened all the windows and doors of the cottage which had sheltered him and his dear wife in this bitter hour, and then harnessed his horses and returned home alone. I shall never forget the sorrow of Cæsar when he learned his master's loss; he took his hand and wept like a child upon it. Oh, said he, I wish it had been Cæsar and not missus. The Squire was a good man and tried to find consolation in the only way it may be found, in the religious performance of duty; he became the benefactor of the village he lived in, he was the friend of all who needed his aid, and now my friends I must pass over the next forty years. What I have related to you of the Squire passed in the year 1750, and now follow me to the year 1790. During this period the Americans, by their wisdom and bravery, had won their independence.

They were no longer English colonies. The Squire had done his part by furnishing money, and by making his large retired mansion in the country an asylum for all his friends who were in want of it. He was now 70 years old, and a haler, heartier, more serene old man was never seen. His house was the summer rendezvous of all his young and old friends. Well do I remember one beautiful afternoon, just before sunset, the Squire's going to the glass and adjusting me nicely, and then going to the door and looking up through the avenue of elms which were young trees when I was first carried there, and saying, "It is time my niece and her husband and children were here." In a few minutes a carriage appeared with a lady and her son and daughter in it. The lady was the grandmother of that little girl who sleeps there, and her daughter was afterwards her mother. She was then five years old.

Never was there a more cordial welcome given to friends than the good Squire gave them, and never was welcome more acceptable as it seemed to me. There were other friends in the house, and such frolicking and laughing and dancing on the lawn you seldom see nowadays. For many years the nieces and nephews and their children and children's children came in this way to refresh body and soul at their good uncle's, till childhood blossomed into youth, and youth began to strengthen into maturity, and maturity to fade away into age, and years gathered round the old man's head, but his vigour remained the same.

You need not bounce in that way my friend musket, and you Messrs. teakettle and pitcher need not try, though you have no noses, to turn them up at my using

these flowery expressions, but remember that for more than half a century I dwelt upon a human head, and that it is natural I should have gained something from it, and that I should speak somewhat as human beings speak. And I hope you will pardon my talkativeness, and even if you think me prosy, let me go on after my own fashion and finish my story my own way, for I am very old, and can speak no other way, and remember I shall never speak again to you. "Go on, go on," cried the old coat, cloak, and baize gown, and the rest made no objection, and so the wig continued. "I assure you," said he, "it was a very interesting thing to me to witness the changes that were going on among the Squire's visitors. I saw that child's grandmother come first as a young lady, then as a bride, then as a mother, and then she came first with one, then with two, and then with three children, and then each year I saw that these children had grown bigger, and it was pleasant to watch them, as I sat so quietly upon the old Squire's head, as they jumped out of the carriage each year, and ran up to the old man to receive his welcome, and then ran off into the garden and fields like so many young animals, and to watch their gleeful faces at his hospitable board, and to hear their merry shouts. And then on Sunday to see them with their father and mother follow the old gentleman reverently at a distance, through the avenue of elms to church, with their small solemn faces, just now and then slightly nodding to a buttercup and snatching it up, while he with me and his three cornered hat on his head, and his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his light drab suit of clothes on, all his dress of the same cloth, and his

round toed shoes and gold buckles in them, strided along, while Cæsar dressed in some of his old clothes walked close behind him like his shadow. You would have called him forty instead of eighty. Year after year I witnessed this, till, as I said, the children were youths, and their parents no longer young.

And then the good Squire began to be, as I am now, garrulous, he loved to tell old stories more than once, but who was there that would not with patient love listen to them for many a time. It was affecting to observe how all his dates were from the year fifty. No matter what story he told, or when it really did happen, but he always finished by adding, "and that happened in the year fifty." All his furniture and plate were purchased in the year fifty. It was to him the beginning of the world. "Uncle," said one of his nieces one day to him, "Let me try to dress your wig, I think it wants it." "My dear this wig was bought in the year fifty, and looks well now; it has done me good service." "How beautiful this avenue of elms is." "Yes, they were set out in the year fifty." "You have a good housekeeper, uncle." "Yes my dear, she came to me in the year fifty." And so on with every thing in and about his house, and so it was with every event which had made an abiding mark on his memory.

There was but one thing in which the good Squire showed the real childishness of old age, and that was his fruit; he had bushels and bushels of apples and pears and peaches, but he never thought them fit to eat till they were at least half-rotten. His nephews and nieces whom he invited in the fruit season to come and eat it, were of a decidedly different opinion, but they

did not like to debate the subject with him, so they had recourse to a little trick upon him. I don't think it was quite right. The Squire was in the habit every day of gathering the ripe fruit in baskets, and putting it, in what he called especially, his room; it was a sort of half dressing, half business room. Here it was he kept the pole upon which he placed me at night.

These baskets of fruit, if the good man had had his own way, would have remained there till they were all rotten like the heaps that were lying under the tree, which was the fruit he told the family and the children especially they might eat. Now it was the custom of two or three roguish boys and girls who visited him to gather baskets of this rotten fruit, and when the good man had gone to bed, to carry them into this room and put them in the place of the baskets of sound ripe fruit which they took for themselves and others to eat. In a day or two the good Squire would look at his baskets of fruit, and finding the fruit decaying, would call them fit to eat, and would bring them into the parlor, and then call in the children, and say to them, "Here, boys and girls, here is nice ripe fruit for you, you can just cut out the rotten with your penknifes," and then he would distribute it among them.

The little monkeys of course could scarce repress their giggles. And we can make no apology for their cheat, except that upon this point the good man was really childish, and as he did not eat the fruit himself or sell it, or do anything with it, but give to the pigs what was not eaten in the family, no one was wronged by their trick. It was in fact a piece

of sport. As you see I had the benefit of being present at the whole of the fun, and I can hear now it seems to me, as plainly as I did then, the suppressed laughter of these roguish children when they came into the room where I was, to exchange baskets of rotten for baskets of sound fruit.

In his eighty-seventh year the old man ran a race with one of these children, and contrived by an artifice to win it. She got before him, when fearing he would hurt himself she stopped to look after him; he came up to her, and then just pushing her back a little, got before her to the goal, which was very near them. How he did shout, as though he were only twenty, and what a hitch he gave me on the occasion! In his ninety-seventh year he died. It was a pity he did not live to be a hundred. The night before he died he went into his room to put me on my accustomed pole, he did not see clearly, and let me fall on the floor. "Ah!" said he, "the old head will fall too before long, no matter it is time it should go. Here Cæsar help your old master!" Cæsar was at hand and picked me up, and put me in my place and helped his master to bed.

I never saw the dear old man again. The next thing that I remember, is being put into a box and carried I knew not whither, and the first light I saw was the dim light of this garret; the mother of that little girl took me out, and as she put me on this pole which she had caused to be brought here also, "People may laugh at me," said she, "but I would keep the dear old man's wig it seems to me a part of him and is a memorial of the happy hours I have passed under his hospitable roof."

I have nearly finished my story, my friends. This propensity to talk a long while of myself, is a human weakness, and you must all remember that I have a human nature and of course human defects, and forgive me on that account. It is now one hundred and twenty-seven years since I was born into this world. For twenty-eight years I flourished upon the beautiful head of dear Alice. Ever since then I have been only a wig. I am now falling into utter decay; if any one were to shake me, I should fall to pieces. I have like many of you, my friends, since inhabiting this garret, been abused and made fun of, by children. I was once put upon the head of a donkey, while a boy with a fool's cap on his head rode him and took a love letter to a young man. I was also put upon the head of a great monkey who was brought to the house for exhibition, who took me off his head and threw me at the boys. And once that little girl who sleeps there used me to keep a litter of kittens warm in, on a cold winter night; the cat might have had more sense and reverence. This nearly killed me, and from that moment the children were forbidden to touch me.

I have now, concluded the wig, only to ask your pardon, my friends, for the impatience with which I have listened to your stories when I thought them too long, and then with a truly human vanity and inconsistency told the longest story myself. But I knew that no one waited for me. I shall certainly never speak more. These are my last words. Farewell.

Just at these words it seemed to me as if the wig gradually dissolved into a dry thin, transparent powder, then that the sun shone brightly upon it, and surround-

ed it with a bright halo. Then suddenly it fell into golden ringlets all so soft and graceful and beautiful—then again, while I looked, they seemed to shade such a lovely, innocent face, and I knew it must be that of dear Alice looking like an angel in heaven, and I awoke I was so very happy. There was everything in the old garret just as I first described it, and all as quiet and still as though nothing had passed. E. L. F.

THE SPARROWS AND THE FOREIGNER.

As Yankee children, young and old, are fond of guessing, we will propose the following subject to them to guess about. What do they think a foreigner would miss at his hotel in Boston after having lived at different times in some of the great cities of Europe. I do not know whether it is the case with all foreigners but I heard it of one, who said that when he returned to his hotel he missed every day something, but what that something was he could not himself tell; it was, however, sufficient to remind him all the time that he was not at home; it was a want that he could not define, and therefore he did not know how to have it supplied. It was not any thing that regarded his food, or his lodging, or his attendance, still it was a positive want which he experienced when he was not engaged in business or with his friends. At last the discovery was made to him; in walking out one day he met a little friend who, not knowing any thing of his state of mind, revealed to him the truth, unconscious that he did so. A modest little teacher he was too, who, by a chirp and

a hop, told him the whole; the foreigner smiled as he saw a little sparrow, who reminded him that the want which he had felt was the social company of these little creatures whom he had always been accustomed to see and hear around his dwelling in the busy noisy cities of London and Paris. Their cheerful contented notes and busy active footsteps had always attended him through the various scenes and moods of mind which he had experienced in the old world. These pretty little brown creatures have different tastes and habits in different parts of the world, and though all related are quite distinct in their modes of living; some love the cultivated grounds and others prefer the wide open field. In the old country the sparrows love to build in the towers of old churches, and are fond of the haunts of men, do not fear to come under the windows which we human beings look through, nor to pick up the crumbs around the door which we enter with our great feet; they have no fear that we shall crush them, knowing that one pair of their wings are worth a dozen pair of feet when danger is nigh.

We read of these little social beings in the bible, and remember that they attended the footsteps of the prophets of old, and know that the eyes of Jesus rested upon them, as when he told his disciples that they must trust in the love of God who knows when a sparrow falls to the ground. We sing of them in our hymn books, and while in the old churches the song of praise is filling the aisles, and devoted hearts are raised in prayer, the little sparrow is building her nest, or feeding her young in some distant part of the great building, and so performing her devotions with a truer heart.

Should the sparrows of the old country ever come to

visit the new world and to take up their abode here, we think they would not fix upon our churches to build in, as they would probably suppose them ornamented factories, and would prefer some better place to bring up their young in. Not to give the sparrows too much credit for a discriminating taste, we must mention that the ancient buildings present a great many little nooks, which invite by their shelter the careful mother to select them as the spot the least liable to be visited by the rude winds, or the still ruder hands of thoughtless boys, who go bird-nesting unmindful of the pain they inflict.

While we have no temples made sacred by time or art which are fit places of abode for these little companions, we will love and observe them in the temple of nature. Our little sparrow has an humble taste, and is fond of nature's buildings for the home of his young; he is evidently too democratic in his principles; he is as willing to take his food at the kitchen door as at the front; he loves the rising generation, as he frequents those windows which look upon the nursery, preferring the crumbs that fall from the innocent hands of children to more high-seasoned and artificial food.

Now that the grass has awakened from its sober winter sleep and is coming out in its green dress, and the buds are swelling into beauty; these little modest home looking friends are upon their return to us in all their faithfulness and confidence. They are ready to be watched and studied by any one who has enough interest in them to give their time for this purpose; they will show by their actions what their life is; while they cannot talk in our language, nor write any history of themselves, we must do it for them. It is for us to find

out their long line of pedigree, and to go back to those ages in which they have flourished, and remember that their ancestors have flown over the heads of emperors and prophets, which are not known to us. But these things are nothing to them.

They care not for names or titles, they live the life that they were intended to live, and by their contentedness and cheerfulness impart something of the happiness they feel; whoever becomes acquainted with them has added to his stores of happiness. It is a pleasant thing to have so pretty and agreeable a teacher as a little sparrow, and any young person who puts himself to school under such an instructor will find that many of his hours, which might otherwise not be well spent, pass not only most delightfully but profitably. Such studies are very useful in ridding young people of some of their nursery weaknesses that are apt to follow them too, long. They forget to be cross and fretful when they are fairly interested in an object that has nothing belonging to it but what is beautiful, graceful and cheerful, and which is associated with the beautiful spring that comes to open the windows that have so long been shut, and invites us to go out freely and breathe the soft air and tread the unfrozen ground, and regale our eyes with patches of green, and gather the first flowers which in some sheltered nook are waiting to be the first offering to celebrate the first of May.

What little has been said upon the subject of the sparrows will, I hope, bespeak their many claims to the love and attention of our young friends. The stranger who felt a want in their society showed that he had learnt to love and depend upon them; they are but a

small part of the thousand benefits that attend each of us in our life's journey, and children before they are burdened with cares, can in this way lay in much store for themselves that shall last through life. S. C. C.

[To be concluded in the next No.]

SWISS GAMES.

[Concluded from page 26.]

"After the procession had marched round the inner circle a number of times, the sports which all hearts awaited with beating expectation commenced. The judges of the games, selected from the elders of the whole assembly, took the place allotted them; this was no balcony or rostrum adorned with velvet curtains, like those of the judges at knightly games. They simply reclined on a massive rock from whence they could obtain the most unobstructed view of the movements. Among the other spectators it was well known that the noblemen of the neighbourhood and strangers also were present, together with the mayors from Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden, and while all honour was rendered to their persons, they still were not allowed to exercise any influence over the games of the shepherds. The throwing of the *hurnuss*,* as being the easiest, formed the commencement; though there is scarcely any exercise which puts hands, eyes, feet, strength and dexterity, into such requisition. The *hurnuss*, somewhat thicker in the middle than at the rounded edges, and slightly fastened on the end of a stick

* Perhaps *staff* or *bat* in English would correspond most nearly with *hurnuss*, but our young readers will easily form an idea of the game.—Tr.

which rests with one end on the ground, and lies with the other on a block about three feet high, is struck in such a manner that it whirls up into the air, and must fall down at some distance from where it rises. This distance becomes the product of the skill and strength of the thrower; but before it reaches the point of its descent, which is not unfrequently at the altitude of a hundred feet in the air, and at the distance of a thousand feet from the spot whence it was hurled, it is caught by the other combatants and turned aside from its course, by means of great wooden shovels; this interception of the *hurnuss* requires again a peculiar adroitness. If the attempt be unsuccessful, and the *hnrnuss* reach its destination without being caught, this gives a point in the game, and is counted as a gain to the party of the thrower, which on the contrary loses a point if the hurnuss be intercepted, or if it fail of reaching a certain distance before it descends.

Two parties consisting of an equal number of players now struck the *hurnuss* alternately, and endeavoured to beat it aside. Each one endeavoured to win as many points as possible, and to get the start of his antagonist in throwing or catching the *hurnuss*. What shouts arose from the spectators every time that it whirled high in the air; what encouraging cheers resounded whenever a youth stepped forward into the arena, seized the wooden staff, and made himself ready to strike the blow on which fortune was suspended! Then how the eyes of his opponents sparkled, who were waiting outside with their shovels and measuring the whole space of air, lest they should miss the whirling *hurnuss*; though notwithstanding all their watch-

fulness this often happened. Frequently the *hurnuss* whirled up far out of sight, and dropped down on some spot wide of that where it had been expected. The Emmenthalers and Entlibuchers played to admiration, with the vigour of young steers; but the dwellers in the forest towns were not less skilful and experienced. Not one of them had yet been disgraced by having his hurnuss fall short of the appointed mark.

And now the two females from the Glung, dame Babbi and her young guest, leaned forward, having thus far witnessed the beautiful sport with indescribable delight and sympathy, as it developed in all their gracefulness the most agile of corporeal movements. Involuntarily they now turned their faces towards each other; they dared look on no longer, their breath stopped. It was Uli's turn, he was to strike the blow. He came forward on the arena and seized the staff. His father watched him with fixed attention. Master Burkhardt laughed, Uli's brother's and sisters shouted, but the women could not look at him. His predecessors had performed prodigies; he was the most beautiful of the Emmenthalers, and now the most beautiful of the mountain youths stood on the stage. As soon as the blow was given a deep silence ensued, while all eyes were turned upwards in search of the vanished *hurnuss*. When it was at length espied at an incredible elevation, first a murmur of approbation, and then loud shouts of admiration, arose from more than a thousand voices; the women revived and ventured to look on the player, who stood calm and serious, and seemed to feel satisfied. His *hurnuss* had not been intercepted, notwithstanding the agility of the Entlibuchers, who were ready even at

the goal to catch it with their shovels. Those who followed Uli fell short both of the height and distance of his throw. When each one had now had his turn, and the game might be considered as ended, the judges counted up the points, and the number on each side was the same. Indeed, in consequence of the uncertainty of one point on the side of the mountain lads, it was doubtful whether the guests from the plain might not have won the victory. The votes being divided, and a dispute threatening to break out in consequence, the decision was put off until after the wrestling match; the issue of which, it was determined, should decide the result of the preceding contest.

After a brief pause the main act of the play was begun. If any of the youths had not yet thrown aside the upper garment, it was now done, and they appeared in the ancient garb of the wrestler, that is, nearly naked, the hips only being covered with the coarse linen trowser, which being turned up from beneath, encompassed the upper part of the thigh with a thick roll, affording the opponent a handle whereby to clutch hold. In this clutching the aim is to lift up your adversary from the ground, and to deprive him of his footing in such a manner as to whirl him round with a swinging motion; if this can be accomplished it is a great step towards the victory.

After drawing lots, which were collected in a hat by the patriarchs of the assembly, the opponents were placed opposite one another. Many couples at a time might wrestle or swing with one another; for the game was also called the swinging match, on account of its being the custom for the victor to lift his adversary

above his head and whirl him down to the ground. As soon as the implements and traces of the *hurnuss* match had been cleared away, the bloodless conflict burst forth. If the young men had appeared to advantage in the first game, they now shone out in a far higher degree. There stood the beautiful youths facing one another, the blossom of their nation's tree; with scrutinizing glance they measured one another, mutually stretched out their arms for a grasp, withdrew them, surveyed each other with earnest looks, though void of enmity; and then suddenly seized one another in a clasp so formidable and energetic, that it seemed as if they would never relax their hold. The very boys, from earliest childhood, are instructed in and familiarized to this grasp or clutch of the hand, and practise it in all their plays, victory or defeat being considered as dependent on it.

And as in the throwing of the hurnuss, so now in the swinging match, the sons of the mountains found equally accomplished competitors in the sons of the hill country. Their mutual strength indeed was equal, and differed only in the mode of manifestation. The advantages which the latter possessed in the vigour of their first grasp, in their strength of limb and in the frame of their bodies, were compensated to the former in agility, perseverance, and an inward invincible energy residing in the very life-marrow. A mountain shepherd not unfrequently tottered and fell under the first grip of his opponent, who rushed upon him like a giant; but gradually, after entwining him in his resistless grasp, he brought him to a stand and at length wearied him out. Consequently the conquerors and the vanquished were

upon both sides; though Uli was among the former, and dared proudly to lift up his head. He had wrestled not with one alone, but with a number of the Emmenthalers; the strongest of them having attacked him, when he had thrown down his first opponents. They sought him out in order to wipe off the disgrace incurred by the others, but they fared no better themselves. He bore away the prize of the day, in the presence of Lizzie and his mother. Dame Babby looked about her more proudly every moment, and was at last as grand as a crowned queen. Trembling with joy, she stretched out her hands towards her son, when at last he withdrew from the arena and approached his mother, that he might wipe his hot streaming brow on her soft handkerchief.

The games were now concluded, but it was very difficult to determine which party on the whole had gained the advantage. In both contests, the claims of each were nearly equal. The elders considered, deliberated and debated together, but were long in agreeing upon their verdict. Then stepped forth one of the noblemen present in the splendid waistcoats and said, "I marvel, men, at your hesitation. I have always heard much concerning the prudence and right judgment of old age, but ye cause me to doubt them. To whom should the victory be assigned but to the men of the plain? Only look at them; their flesh and blood are of another sort than those of the mountaineers. They have sap, and where that exists is strength also. You have seen its effects. But as for these tanned hides from the mountains, compared with the others, back with them to the holes of their rocks."

Rough and uncourteous as this address sounded, yet coming from the mouth of the Lord of Hunwyl, it found audience and approbation with the patriarchs of the forest towns, who, with all their love for their own sons, were far too just to award them a triumph which could be disputed by a single voice from any quarter. Better it was, in their opinion, to decide this time in favour of the vanquished party, and so fire their sons to become more active and valiant at the next festival, than to render them vain of a victory, the scale of which had not turned. This sentence of the elders was received in silence by both the parties concerned. The one was dumb through deep mortification, though humbly bowing their heads and uttering no remonstrance, the other from unfeigned astonishment and surprise, because though conscious to themselves of the most energetic efforts, they were equally sensible that they had not been the conquerors, but that several of the mountain lads, and one in special, had gained the advantage over them, both in the *hurnuss* and in the wrestling match.

They also felt that the pre-eminence now accorded to them as landsmen of Berne and Lucerne, was to be ascribed far more to the courtesy of hospitality than to strict justice; and that it was due in special to the rude interference of the knight, whose name and person were familiar to many of these landsmen, because he possessed estates in the neighbourhood. So stood the matter, no one being heartily satisfied, when now another highly esteemed and well known individual interposed his word. This was the former Mayor of Lucerne, Herr Arnold von Pfiffers, a man

of noble descent, of faultless morals and the strictest justice, known and beloved as the friend of the common people. "Hold," cried he, hastening forward, for the tidings of the verdict of the foresters had run like a "Will of the wisp" through the multitude, and were on the point of being proclaimed on the arena by the Bullock of Uri, who had already sounded his horn. "Hold, what are you doing, judges? You have decided unrighteously — they are not the conquerors, to whom you assign the palm. It is these, your own sons, who are the victors. What perverts your judgment, men? Hospitality is indeed a beautiful and gentle virtue, but it must not bandage the eye of truth. I, the Mayor of Lucerne, protest against your verdict, and insist upon your judging righteously."

A deep silence, in which you might have heard the very breathing through the wide circle, followed these grave words, which were loudly uttered. Every eye turned towards the worthy speaker, who was dressed in a black velvet cloak, with cap and plumes, and a gold chain round his neck; when up strode another not less stately, nor less richly dressed nobleman, who arraigned his decision with words of violence. This was the Lord of Hunwyl. "What do I hear, Herr Arnold," he exclaimed with frowning brow and hand laid on his sword hilt. "Do you declare yourself for the mountain boys? Is it to make them more forward and insolent than they are already? Would you slight our own sons and the strangers from Berne, would you prefer these to them?"

During this dispute between the two men of distinc-

tion, their several friends arranged themselves around them, and the strife grew more sharp and bitter every moment. The Lord of Hunwyl reproached the Mayor of Lucerne with secretly favoring the forest cities, to the prejudice of the inhabitants of the plain.

"You err, noble Lord," retorted the Mayor with emphasis; "your passion robs you of your judgment; I do not secretly favor the forest towns, and if any one can charge me with partiality in the administration of my office, let him appear, and I will answer him with the humility of a servant."

A long pause followed. No one came forward, not a voice was heard, only a low suppressed murmur passed through the company of knights.

"Woe, however, woe to him who commits injustice," continued the Mayor, "if my arm can reach him; woe to him who in the time of peace sows the seeds of discord between plain and mountain. He is a disturber of the general weal."

"Look to it for yourselves," interrupted the Lord of Hunwyl, "what mean these reflections? Why do you fasten your eyes upon me, Mayor? What mean your threats?"

Drawn swords were now appearing, the war-cry began to sound, the women and children were running against one another in terror, and the cheerful sport which had begun in so much beauty, was in danger of becoming the occasion of a bloody fray. The confusion increased, the feeble and defenceless took to flight, the clangor of arms resounded, and a wild tramping succeeded on the pleasant meadow, whose little hillocks and stone blocks had so recently been covered with women, old men,

children and men. Like the waves of the troubled lake, when the mountain blast sweeps over it, the men rushed together, dubious on what shore to land, or where to seek shelter and protection from the sudden storm. Just then unexpected help appeared and a messenger of peace. Suddenly all eyes were turned in one direction, all heads were bared, the fists so lately doubled up were again relaxed, and the fingers were signing the cross on brow and breast; the retreating stayed their flight and inhaled new breath and spirits, while the drawn swords crept back into their scabbards. And who was the worker of this miracle? An old man, who came riding forwards on a little ass, down the path which led from the mountain. He sate with his naked feet upon the animal, his long shabby cloak hung down on each side girded around him with a belt, and he wore a long white beard, with which the beautiful gray locks of his hair mingled, and fell over the rider's breast. "The Hermit"—such was the joyful whisper through the crowd. "The holy recluse from Rigi, Staffel! there he comes, there he is—he is always at hand in the right hour—always in time of need."

The hermit indeed arrived, as a heavenly messenger to lay the storm, and there was no need to inform him of what had gone before. On he rode, right into the centre of the meadow, through the midst of the threatening groups, petrified as it were into stone; his sharp sagacious eye, gleaming from under thick bushy brows, took a scrutinizing survey, and at a sign which he made to the herdsboy who had accompanied him from the lofty mountain, the lad stopped with the animal. "The peace of the Lord be with you," he commenced

in a reverend tone. "I bring it to you, if it dwell not among you. I bring it from above, where the clouds rest on my mountain peak, and the wings of the Lord wave over my cloister. What do I see? What mean these looks, these frowning brows, these naked swords? Where is the strife that will not hide itself before the peace which I bring? Men, did ye not assemble here for sportive games? What means the flight of your wives and children? Why stand these youths in groups apart from one another, gloomy and thoughtful? Uli, Uli, where art thou? Come forth and inform me of what has been going on here?"

The company of mountaineers then opened, and Uli Wytt, with quick and obedient step, drew near the hermit, bowed his knee before him, and leaned his face over his naked foot. All eyes looked on and beheld the youth now rise and converse with the holy man, who listened attentively, and from time to time stroked Uli's glowing cheeks with his hand. Many were acquainted with the son of the owner of the Glung; all the shepherds of Rigi, and those who did not know him, now put their heads together and inquired who he was — who was that handsome youth with whom the holy recluse was conversing so confidentially? A portion of the reverence paid to the hermit was transferred to Uli. The hearts of dame Babbi and Lizzie again beat audibly in their breasts. They heard Uli's name whispered by the multitude; it ran like wildfire through the assembly, and many faces turned towards the place where his father and mother and little brothers and sisters were sitting. The hermit now leaned both his arms on Uli's shoulders, and supported by him slid down

from his ass, which the boy led aside; but Uli conducted his venerable patron to a neighbouring rock which formed a sort of rostrum or pulpit;—thither he guided him. The persons who were reclining on it respectfully made room as the holy man, with the aid of the youth, mounted this elevated stand point. Uli receded, but the hermit spread out his hands from under their wide sleeves, again lifted up his voice, and spake to the multitude as an apostle to the nations. He had not discoursed long, when one after another of those who had engaged in the strife and been near breaking out into hostilities, came forward from their separate groups, offered each other their hands, and sued for peace and reconciliation. It was beautiful to see the youths of the mountains, and those of the plains, who till then had kept apart, suddenly turning at the same moment towards one another, and meeting and embracing like brothers. Those who had just been contending together with all their might, who had put all the strength of their souls into the conflict, not to mention besides their wounded sense of honour, and reluctant though humble submission to the sentence passed against themselves, these now, shedding tears, hastened to cross the space that separated them from their opponents, into whose open arms they rushed as soon as they reached the centre of the plain. Foe embraced foe with shouts of jubilee, each being worthy of his fellow; envy and jealousy were forgotten, hatred and division crawled cowering back into their subterranean holes, and a general rejoicing burst forth, the rising tumult of which, both near at hand and at a distance, nearly drowned the words of the hermit who had been its author.

When those had now united in love and peace, on account of whose mutual claims and pretensions to the honour of the victory, strife had been nearly kindled, all the rest, who till then had been divided and at variance on the matter, shook hands in reconciliation and amity. Indeed the requisitions of the hermit went so far as to adjudge to both parties the honour of having been consummate wrestlers and *hurnuss* throwers, without assigning to either the preference; consequently the knights and gentlemen from the cities, who had taken sides in the dispute, were expected to lay aside their peevishness and discord, and become cordially reconciled; because, an end being put to the subject of their dispute, no victory remained to be adjudged, and the reward was already bestowed, in the blessing and peace of the holy man, who stood on the lofty rock and dispensed them to all alike.

Now again the buzz of cheerful pleasure circulated amid the throng, and the merriment which had been interrupted returned with new animation. Each mountain youth selected one or more guests from among the sons of the plain, and entertained them to the best of his ability within the circle of his own kinsmen. Uli also carried home guests to his parents, and among the rest a most venerable one, whom to refresh and receive beneath his roof was the highest honour to which any one could attain; this guest was the hermit. The place where the holy man tarried and its environments, together with the persons by whom he was entertained, were contemplated by all with respect and reverence. The consequence of Herr Georg, the owner of the Glung, was increased not a little, as well as dame Bab-

by's, in her own estimation. Her maternal affection, her small vanity, were to day in their glory, and her satisfied demeanour, and the expression of her kind face, testified to the fulness of her inward happiness.

In the meanwhile evening drew on, and the meadow gradually became more and more void of guests. Boat after boat, closely packed with men, put off from the shore. The stony path leading up the mountain was covered with people returning home, among whom was the hermit on his ass, led by the cow-boy. In a large boat which, moved by vigorous rowers, glided in the moonshine with the swiftness of an arrow over the lake towards Lucerne, were Master Burkhardt and his young daughter; but the boat with the rowers belonged to the owner of the Glung. Lizzie would willingly have returned to the Glung with them that evening; but the morrow was a working day, and her father was quite too industrious a man to allow it to be spent in play."

L. O.

THE SPOON PORTRAITS.

O, the droll little fellows who live in the silver spoon! Whom I never dreamed or thought of, till one smiled in my face so roguishly one day, that I shouted with laughter at seeing him. You never thought they were there, did you? nor I; and that is the way we go through life, seeing nothing half so clearly as we should. Little faces peep at us from the clouds; beautiful forms wreathed in mist and air castles are there; more change-

ful and lovely than any thing we have on earth, but we never look at them. We say they are only fit for the little little children to care about, and so I shall tell my story to the little, *little* children, though if you are not too wise you may listen. The stones that lie in the dusty road have droll faces too, sometimes; we do not think of them; but we love to watch the fire at twilight, and there see strange profiles, and odd people who fall into pieces as we look at them; and then take strange shapes of things so different, that it reminds us of fairy stories, where the princess was changed into a frog, and the king's sons into stones. Are not you glad they have no such dreadful punishments now, for what should *we* do sometimes?

Ah! there are many more beautiful things in life, besides the little faces, that we children do not see. In the morning, on every clover leaf, there is a little dew-drop. You would not notice it, for it takes the colour of the leaf it is on, and in a little while it dries up. No; the flower or the clover leaf takes it down into its heart, and there it spreads, and moistens and refreshes the stalk, till it grows gradually into a broad plant, with heavy, honey-filled flowers.

And every day in life, little children, some dew-drops are sent to you. Will you not take them into your heart, that they may be kept pure and fresh? You will tell me, yes. The dew-drops are the sweet, kind words, that bid you not to do wrong. The lessons and pleasant tales that are made for you alone; and more than all these, every time you do a kind action, then a dew-drop falls silently into your heart from heaven. You never know it, but when you are an old man, and have

done *many* kind deeds, what a cheerful heart yours will be! Filled with beautiful thoughts, like heavy honey-filled flowers.

We have not forgotten the portraits. There was once a grand old spoon, who was very bright and shining, and very proud, for she belonged to an ancient family! If it had not been for the care of her old mistress, she would have been quite dull with age. But she never thought of that. She was no wiser than you or I, and you know we often think we are quite bright, when we have more foolish children than ourselves to play with, forgetting it is the care of others that makes us so. But it is not so much about the old spoon that I was going to tell you, for she was often quite tiresome with her ceaseless clatter, but about the two little faces that were seen in her.

They were pleasant faces to me, for I like every thing droll; so I named one Peter and the other Jake, and thought I would try to discover their history. Jake was an ugly little fellow, but so merry that you laughed if you looked at him. He was so fat that he could hardly open his eyes, for he always lived at the bottom of the spoon. He had plenty to eat and no thought, so how could he help being merry?

But poor Peter! He had such a long face, and was so melancholy, that he seemed half starved. And he might have been for he never left the spoon handle. And he had not the courage to try either, but wore a long dismal face, as if he wondered why nothing ever came to his share. If a few drops of milk, or a few crumbs, fell on him, I suppose he was grateful, but he always looked so disconraged and hopeless that you

could not help laughing, for you knew it was his own fault.

As I looked a little while longer, a strange light seemed to dawn upon me, and I knew that the two faces were one. But the expression in them was so different, they seemed like strangers to each other; and I saw they were both the reflection of my own.

Then I knew that the round laughing face, which was always merry, and so contented, that good things seemed always near it, this I knew was the cheerful spirit that would overcome all difficulties. The other was the gloomy heart that never tried to be happy or successful. And as he never tried to help himself, no one cared to assist him. Still they were both reflections of the same person, seen at different times.

Little child! have you ever thought when you looked into your bright spoon, and saw two little faces shining there, that if you looked into your heart, there might be seen two little faces also?

One is the good child that is always contented, and always tries to do right; and so the hard tasks seem easy and almost pleasant to do. And the other face is that of the little dull child who never tries to learn, and is always sad. The dull face says, "I can never learn, and will never try; other boys can learn their lessons, without such hard study, but I was never meant to be bright!" Nobody comes to play with me, because I am so melancholy; and I am sure I don't want to play with them if they do come."

But the cheerful spirit says, "No task is too difficult if we learn a few words of it at a time. Besides that, the children are waiting for me to come out; I am so merry

they will not play without me. It makes me laugh to think of the funny stories I know to tell them. But I must learn this little lesson first, or mother will say I have not done right; and that would be worse than not having the children love me."

Little children! at night when the old spoon shines in the bread and milk, let us think then, and ask each other, which of the two faces has been shining on our hearts all day. S. W. L.

TO A LITTLE CHILD,

Who was startled when a beautiful insect fluttered in his face

Afraid of a Butterfly!—what;—dost thou think
Those bright wings will bear thee away?
He fluttered the rose-leaf a moment to drink,
And fluttered thy heart, little fay.

The elves are all gone from the wood, we are told;
The fairies have fled too, in fear;
The children are wiser than wise men of old,
They shed for their loss, not a tear.

Did you think that the Butterfly stole their bright wings?
A fairy he was, in disguise?
That he'd link in the flower a bright chain of rings,
And carry you off as his prize?

Ah! no, little child—for though simple thou art,
And dear, very dear, to our eyes,
The butterfly wings must just spring in thy heart,
That will bear thee aloft to the skies.

Kind thoughts, gentle words are the angels of love,
That bring thee, *those* pinions to wear;
Then we'll know if we lose thee, thou 'rt wafted above,
A soul with bright wings in the air. S. W. L.

MAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-bosom'd violets
Are blooming by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing breeze,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours.

If 'tis not true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and in the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the tint of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of Spring.

WHAT A BLUE BIRD SAID TO A LITTLE BOY.

A little boy, not yet four years old, sat on the floor talking to an imaginary blue bird. He seemed so happy while he talked, and his little face beamed with such delight when he gave the little bird's answers, that his mother could not help thinking as she watched him, that if the blue bird's story were put into rhyme, other little children might like it too.

What do you say to God, little bird,
In the morning soft and gray?
When with music sweet, you welcome in
The coming of the day?

I thank Him for all my happy rest,
By the side of my tender mate;
For the soft and mossy bed, in my nest,
Close by your garden gate.

What do you say to God, little bird,
When the noonday sun shines bright,
When you hide in the forest green away
From the hot and quivering light?

I thank Him for four little spotted eggs,
lying warm at their mother's heart;
For the patient trust, with which she waits
Till her young into being start.

What do you say to God, little bird,
When you sing your evening hymn;
When you see the red sun sink in the west,
And my little eyes grow dim?

I thank Him for all my fine fat worms,
For my beetles large and rare,
And I pray that He may never cease
To make little birds his care.

What do you say to God, little bird,
When the April showers come down;
When the south wind moans among the trees,
And the stormy heavens frown?

I thank Him for drink, and for feathers warm,
And I smooth my ruffled coat,
And I'm glad I've wings to cut the air,
When the earth is all afloat.

But what do you say all the time, little bird,
For your voice is never still?
And in forest and meadow I never miss
The sound of your happy trill.

I can never sing enough, little boy,
When my little ones break their shell.
And my tired mate chirps with joy to see
Her nurslings all hearty and well.

I can never say enough, little boy,
I was only made to sing,
As I cannot work, I'll make the aisles
Of the grand old forest ring.

But better far is the music of deeds,
Thinks the Father that dwelleth above,
And while He provides for your hourly needs,
Go labor and win His dear love.

Every heart that you lighten shall be, little boy,
Far gladder than my morning song,
All the lips that you tune to a moment's content
In the choirs of angels may belong. ANON.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

[Continued from page 30.]

"It is your turn, now, Horace," said Alice.

"Yes, but I cannot give you a pretty story about salt."

"Never mind; you may be as matter-of-fact as you please, and give us as long a *yarn* as if you were an old salt yourself, Horace; for it is a long time since I read any account of the salt mines, and I have never seen the process of making salt from sea-water."

"There I have the advantage of you," said Horace, "for last summer, when I spent a week at Cohasset, I used to enjoy running about the salt-works very much. I remember the first day I was there Mrs. Burr came in from a long walk, with her hands and her basket full of beautiful lichens, and elegant wood-creepers, and curious sea-side flowers, and told us that she had been to some of the boldest and grandest spots on the rocky shore, and had returned through quiet and lovely wood paths, full of ferns and mosses and flowers. When we had looked at the cup moss and coral moss, the purple beach-pea and the delicate Herb Robert, and plants and flowers we had never seen before, and had heard her tell of the grand swell on the beach, and the breaking and spouting of the waves among the bold ledges she had visited, we boys shouted out, "Now, Mrs. Burr, will you go down to the salt-works with us?" Mr. Burr looked rather shocked, I must say; for he was

very sentimental; at least we boys thought so. He had come to Cohasset for his health; and, as he had been enjoying, (almost with tears in his eyes, Alice!) Mrs. Burr's description of the wild scenery that he was too feeble to visit himself, he seemed to think we were a set of little bears, to speak just then of going to the salt works. Mrs. Burr could not help laughing, and said, "I will go with you, boys, this afternoon, for I am too much tired now. After having spent so many hours with Nature in her bowers and caves, shining in white raiment and crowned with flowers, and listening to her grand music and sweet poetry, I had almost forgotten that she also, like us prosaic mortals, had to work. However, I will go with you, and see her in her character of a busy dame, with a plain cap and checked apron on, doing a regular hard day's work with her servants." I was puzzled to know what she meant by *Nature* being at work there, but when we went to the salt-works, I found that, as she said, "man has provided the tools, and nature, with sun, water and wind, makes the salt." In the first place, the sea water is pumped up into shallow wooden troughs or pans, by windmills. It is then left to evaporate in the sun. A set of movable roofs are arranged on rollers, so that if it rains, the pans may be covered. The brine grows stronger and stronger as the sun acts upon it, till the water has evaporated, and the salt is left in coarse crystals. This is carried away in baskets, and the pans are re-filled by the windmills."

In what other way is salt obtained, Horace?" said his father.

"There are salt springs in different parts of the world, father, and salt mines."

"I was surprised," said Alice, "to find that the sea water was not evaporated by artificial heat. How is the salt made at the salt springs, Horace?"

"At the salt works in Virginia, the water is raised from the salt wells by steam engines, and boiled in iron pans, over a very long furnace, about twice as long, Arthur, as this house. The pans are two yards wide, and twenty-five feet long, as long as this room. After the water has been boiled for some time, it turns red, and is drawn off into troughs to settle. It is then put back into the pans, and boiled down into salt, after which it is put out upon a platform, to drain off a bitter water which is left in it. When *coarse salt*, or salt in large crystals, is to be made, the brine is not boiled, but evaporated in wooden pans, kept at a moderate heat by steam."

"It will give you some idea of the whole quantity of salt made in this country," said Mr. Wilton, "to know that at the salt works in western Virginia, particularly on the great and little Kenawha, about three millions of bushels are made every year."

"Salt springs," said Horace, "are found almost every where in Kentucky, and they were called *Licks* by the early settlers, because the wild animals, the bison, the elk, and the deer, used to go to them and lick up the salt which was found encrusted about the springs."

"Can you tell us any thing about the salt mines?" said Mrs. Wilton.

"I have been reading an account of them," said Horace, "and if you are all willing, I should like to read to you, from 'Incidents of Travel' by Stephens, an account of his visit to the salt mines of Poland."

All having consented, Horace read to them as follows.

"In an hour and a half (from Cracow) I arrived at the town of Wielitska, containing about three thousand inhabitants, and standing, as it were, on the roof of the immense subterraneous excavations. The houses are built of wood, and the first thing that struck me was the almost entire absence of men in the streets, the whole male population being employed in the mines, and then at work below.

My guide was dressed in miner's costume, fanciful, and embroidered with gold, holding in his hand a steel axe; and, having arrayed me in a long white frock, conducted me to a wooden building covering the shaft which forms the principal entrance to the mine. This shaft is ten feet square, and descends perpendicularly more than two hundred feet into the bowels of the earth. We arranged ourselves in canvass seats, and several of the miners, who were waiting to descend, attached themselves to seats at the ends of the ropes, with lamps in their hands, about eight or ten feet below us.

When my feet left the brink of the shaft, I felt, for a moment, as if suspended over the portal of a bottomless pit; and as my head descended below the surface, the rope, winding and tapering to a thread, seemed letting me down to the realms of Pluto. But in a few moments we touched bottom. From within a short

distance of the surface, the shaft is cut through a solid rock of salt, and from the bottom passages almost innumerable are cut in every direction through the same bed. We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopled with upward of two thousand souls, and giving a complete idea of a subterraneous world. These mines are known to have been worked upward of six hundred years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as twelve hundred and thirty-seven, and then not as a new discovery; but how much earlier they existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is that a sister of St. Casimir, having lost a gold ring, prayed to St. Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream that, by digging in such a place, she would find a treasure far greater than that she had lost, and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of apartments; the whole length of the excavations is more than six thousand feet, or three quarter's of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than two thousand feet. Many of the chambers are of immense size. Some are supported by timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps eighty feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless subterraneous cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering nearly the whole area. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by a rope, the dim light of torches, and the

hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of a passage across the Styx.

From this we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatchets, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to suit the size of barrels.

There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the rock-salt. Whenever it was necessary my guides went ahead and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place, lighting up the dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, and, after allowing me a sufficient time, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and floated around and filled the chamber.

Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all is the chapel dedicated to that St. Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mines. It is supposed to be more than four hundred years old. The columns, with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock-salt; and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in the chapel once every year.

Following my guide through all the different passages and chambers, and constantly meeting miners and seeing squads of men at work, I descended by regular stairs cut in the salt, but in some places worn away and re-

placed by wood or stone, to the lowest gallery, which is nearly a thousand feet below the surface of the earth.

I have since stood upon the top of the Pyramids, and admired the daring genius and the industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains the sandy desert, the rich valley of the Nile and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around and below, to an unknown extent, was of salt; a wonderful phenomenon in the natural history of the globe. All the different strata have been carefully examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing petrifactions of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone; and from these circumstances it has been conjectured that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt is a gradual deposite formed by the evaporation of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the particulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagination. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendor of the passages and chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark grey color, almost black, and although sometimes glittering when the light is thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too,

had reported that these mines contained several villages inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below.

It was late in the afternoon when I was hoisted up the shaft. These mines do not need the embellishment of fiction. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and I am satisfied that no traveller ever visited them without recurring to it as a day of extraordinary interest." S. S. F.

[To be continued.]

THE BLIND MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Thank God for Memory! This is the green dell:
I hear the stream with musical ripples flowing;
The scent of flowers recall my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born summer glowing:
And, in my spirit's view, I see the stream
And the bright fish that through the water gleam.

Thank God for Music! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices,
For every note in nature's concert sweet:
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright summer sky.

Thank God for Hope! that, after life's short night,
Cheer'd by fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never fading verdure bright,
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies,
And see the world which will not pass away
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

A good many curious customs have come down with the Lenten fast. We should require (says the True Sun) many columns to elucidate them all. But we cannot forbear quoting the famous lines of Robert Herrick, a poet and clergyman whose fortunes were dashed in pieces by the fall of his patron, Charles I. In his noble numbers, or pious pieces, we find the following:—

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?

No;—'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
and hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.